

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



A Portsmouth Call for Tel. John Lee

HERE is a happy "snap" looking after the garden seems from 66, Aberdare-road, to fall on Mrs. Honeysett. East Cowham, Portsmouth, for Telegraphist John Lee.

Congratulations, John, on such a charming fiancee!

Miss Lilian Honeysett is her name, and she is engaged in the City Treasurer's office at Portsmouth.

Like attracts like, for we hear, John, that your own job in "Civvy Street" was also municipal finance—in the rating department at Camberwell.

N.A.L.G.O. brought John and Lilian together. They found they had many ideas in common, and—well, there you are.

Our photographer caught

Miss Honeysett in the garden giving her "mount" a clean up after work one Saturday afternoon. Incidentally, that's a job she would like to put out! So, John, some day it's up to you.

The lawn at Aberdare-avenue is very attractively kept, and everyone is now waiting on all the members of the family the top line to hear whether take an occasional turn at your sister has passed her rolling it, but the main job of "matric."

Home Town Gossip

WITHIN three months after the defeat of Germany, Welsh broadcasting from the Cardiff station is to start again. Mr. W. J. Haley, Director-General of the B.B.C., told that to the business men of Cardiff.

He wants to see more talent giving Welsh fare, he said.

There are great chances for ambitious broadcasters; special plans are under way for running commentaries of Welsh matches and, as never before, an all-Welsh programme will soon be on the air.

HELLOS "GET OFF."

CUPID is working overtime among the "Hello Girls" of South Wales and the border counties. But the palm for war weddings goes to Hereford Exchange, where 17 girls have married in the last three years. In six months one supervisor and five of her assistants have trod the altar-way.

WALKED 174,000 MILES.

IT is 3,000 miles to Canada. So you can work out how many times old soldier Bill Thatcher, of Peterston-super-Ely, Glam., has done the equivalent of that trip. Village postman is Bill, noted for his spick-and-span appearance.

After 39 years he has retired, and they thought so much about him that the Ven. R. W. Jones, Archdeacon of Llandaff, came along

READING

"There is much that is ugly in the first glimpses of Reading, and travellers may be excused for thinking it uninspiring," says D. N. K. BAGNALL, after visiting the Home Town, "but you don't need to walk far to enjoy a pint of beer beneath the timbers of Elizabethan England, and Reading is enclosed by some of the loveliest country to be seen anywhere."

WHEN travelling from London to Reading by train, you used to know when it was time to get your luggage from the rack, by the appearance of strips of colourful flowers at the side of the line, on the outskirts of the town.

But in these days the Floral Mile has gone utilitarian. Uninteresting rows of vegetables have taken the place of the gay blooms, and nowadays you take your cue from the gasworks—not nearly so pleasant a sight, and one on which your eyes would not willingly linger.

Unfortunately, by an irony of fate they have to. For it is my experience that the train, having made a quick run from Paddington, almost invariably lingers opposite them for anything up to twenty minutes before the engine pulls the carriages into the long platform at Reading station.

The railway approaches are not inviting. There is much that is ugly in the first glimpses of the town, and travellers may be excused for thinking it uninspiring. But that is not really so.

True, Reading has none of the beauties of many other towns and cities which shared the romance of the Civil War and, farther back, the brutal vagaries of King Henry VIII. And it has not opened welcoming arms to the amenities of modern architecture. It remains largely Victorian, with a Georgian touch in some of the older residential quarters, and you have to search a bit to discover the remaining traces of its historical associations.

Biscuits, seeds and engineering have made the modern Reading, and in doing so have not distinctly added to the architectural appeal of the town.

Still, you have only to walk from the station through the market place, across Broad-street, to the Ship Hotel to enjoy a pint of beer beneath the timbers of Elizabethan England. And if, refreshed in body, you desire to follow your thirst for history, you go back across the market place and down a short street, you will come to the entry to the Forbury Gardens.

At the further end of the gardens still stands part of the great Benedictine Abbey, the third most important in the land, which King Harry pinched from the monks in the days when he was amassing the wealth of the Catholic Church into his own, and his friends', hands.

When the Abbey was pulled down, some of the stones were used to build one of the town's churches. The rest, except for the ruins still remaining, have disappeared. They were probably used to build houses which have long vanished.

While on the subject, it may be worth mentioning that the three-hundredth anniversary of the death of Archbishop Laud was observed in Reading on January 10 this year. Laud was Reading's principal "old boy." He was the son of a local clothier. Born in 1573 he had his head cut off for getting on the wrong side (the King's) during the

to a "do" to present him with a cheque and inscribed album, paying the villagers' tribute.

He said Bill had walked 17 to 20 miles a day for six days, and he calculated he had covered a distance of 174,000 miles. He served in the Boer and last



struggle between the Crown and Parliament, just prior to the Civil War.

Though it suffered at the hands of the marauding Danes, was besieged during the Civil War and was the seat of Parliament on several occasions, Reading never quite reached top line in the history books.

The present war has left no very noticeable marks on the town. Except for one "incident," it has hardly felt the hand of enemy bombers. An exile, returning to his home town after years of absence would find things very much the same; might find his favourite pubs in the same surroundings, blow a kiss to the statue of Queen Victoria, unsociably turning her back on the town; and find the main streets, the bye-ways and alleys still as of old.

He would even notice that the tramlines which were to have been taken up when the trolley-buses came in, sometime before the war, were still there to remind him of the little brown trams that once took him from the town's centre to the outer districts of Erleigh and the Oxford Road.

He might be a bit astonished to find that the destination boards on buses and trolley-buses bore the names of so many public houses, instead of place names. This happened when the Town Council decided that the Germans, emulating the Danes, might try to invade the Thames Valley. Place names, they realised, might give the enemy valuable information—so they changed the names on the destination boards, in many cases to those of convenient pubs.

It must be admitted that to the visitor the effect is confusing, though encouraging if he seeks conviviality. Actually, Reading, as shown by the latest statistics, is the most sober town (not city) in England. With a population of 97,000, and 225 licensed premises there were only five cases of drunkenness last year.

Part of the reason for this is

Alex Cracks

Stout Lady: "I would like to see an evening-dress that would fit me."

Assistant: "So would I, madam."

Gunsmith: "What can I do for you?"

Gloomy-looking Customer: "I bought a revolver from you yesterday, and I want you to take it back. I've changed my mind."

Why did she leave her job?
"Her boss said something she didn't like."

What was that?
"He fired her!"

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway) but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address :

"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

They had never Kissed —and Desire was Dead

PERICAPS it was out of their ever, always fresh and new, heredity that they achieved and always with the first flush upon us.

"That is not the way they said it. On my lips their love-cursed Albion array herself a philosophy is mangled. And who am I to delve into their soul-stuff? I am a frog, on the dark edge of a great darkness, gazing goggle-eyed at the mystery and wonder of their flaming souls.

"And they were right, as far as they went. Everything is good . . . as long as it is unpossessed. Satiety and possession are Death's horses; They run in span.

"But they were wiser. They would not kiss and part. They would not kiss at all, and thus they planned to stay at Love's topmost peak. They married.

the girls' names. (a) Gillian, (b) Helen (or Ellen)?

5. What would you do with a sarabande: eat it, wear it, dance to it, drink it?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Full-stop, Comma, Colon, Apostrophe, Dash, Hyphen.

1. A tucket is a turn-in on a dress, flourish of trumpets, frill, good meal?

2. What very common flowering tree is variously known as Aggie, Chucky - cheeze, Hogarves, Wickens, God's Meat?

3. What is the difference between (a) occult, (b) occult?

4. What are the meanings of not add up to 8.

Answers to Quiz in No. 631

1. Coarse knitting.

2. Dog Rose.

3. 1936.

4. (a) Noble. (b) Frank, free.

5. Contralto.

6. 27, because its digits do

You were in England at the What elixir of eternal love had such a marriage. They kept Tristram and Isolde of old time? their secret to themselves. I And whose hand had brewed did not know, then. Their the fairy drink?

"As I say, I was curious, and I watched them. They were love-mad. They lived in an unending revel of Love. They made a pomp and ceremonial of it. They saturated themselves in the art and poetry of Love.

"Everybody marvelled. They became the wonderful lovers, and they were greatly envied. Sometimes women pitied her because she was childless; it is the form the envy of such creatures takes.

"And I did not know their secret. I pondered and I marvelled. At first I had expected, subconsciously, I imagine, the passing of their love. Then I became aware that it was Time that passed and Love that remained. Then I became curious. What was their secret? What were the magic fetters with which they bound Love to them? How did me the clue. One day, in the window-seat near the big piano

Carquinez broke off abruptly and asked, "Have you ever read 'Love's Waiting Time'?" I shook my head. "Page wrote it — Curtis Hidden Page, I think. Well, it was that bit of verse that gave them and their everlasting miracle of Love. I puzzled and then one day

"And I ? I saw much of them and their everlasting

miracle of Love. I puzzled and then one day

"I have wandered. Now the

clue. One day in the window-

seat I found a book of verse.

It opened of itself, betraying

long habit, to 'Love's Waiting

Time.' The page was thumbed

and limp with overhanding,

and there I read:

"So sweet it is to stand but just apart.

you remember how she could play? She used to laugh, sometimes, and doubt whether it was for them I came, or for the music. She called me a 'music-sot,' once, a 'sound-debauchee.' What a voice he had! When he sang I believed in immortality, my regard for the gods grew almost patronizing, and I devised ways and means whereby I surely could outwit them and their tricks.

"It was a spectacle for God, that man and woman, years married, and singing love songs with a freshness virginal as new-born Love himself, with a ripeness and wealth of ardour that young lovers can never know.

"Young lovers were pale and anaemic beside that long-married pair. To see them, all fire and flame and tenderness, at a trembling distance, lavish caresses of eye and voice with every action, through every silence—their love driving them towards each other, and they withholding like fluttering moths, each to the other a candle-flame, and revolving each about the other in the mad gyrations of an amazing orbit-flight!

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and there I read:

"So sweet it is to stand but just apart.

To know each other better, and to keep The soft, delicious sense of two that touch . . .

O love, not yet! . . . Sweet, let us keep our love Wrapped round with sacred mystery awhile, Waiting the secret of the coming years. That come not yet, not yet sometime . . . not yet . . .

"I folded the book on my thumb and sat there silent and without moving for a long time. I was stunned by the clearness of vision the verse had imparted to me. It was illumination. It was like a bolt of God's lightning in the Pit. They would keep Love, the fickle sprite, the forerunner of young life—young life that is imperative to be born!

"I conned the lines over in my mind—'Not yet, sometime, O Love, not yet.' And I laughed aloud. I saw with white vision their blameless souls.

They were children. They did not understand. They played with Nature's fire and bedded with a naked sword. They laughed at the gods.

"They would stop the cosmic sap. They had invented a system, and brought it to the gaming-table of life, and expected to win out. 'Beware!' I cried. 'The gods are behind the table. They make new rules for every system that is

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A tucket is a turn-in on a dress, flourish of trumpets, frill, good meal?

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3. What is the difference between (a) occult, (b) occult?

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I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN

CHICHESTER, Midhurst and Petworth Division of the Sussex Beekeepers' Association held their annual meeting in the old kitchen at the Bishop's Palace, Chichester, recently. Mr. L. R. Evans (Divisional Chairman) presided, supported by the Ven. Archdeacon C. P. S. Clarke (President), and Mr. L. Lock (Hon. Secretary of the County Association).

The Chairman, presenting the report and accounts, said the past year was a poor one from the point of view of honey production, although West Sussex was not so bad in that respect as East Sussex and Kent. The membership in the division had increased from 179 to 187 at the end of 1944. Successful lectures were held at Chichester and Petworth, as well as eight outdoor demonstrations, and the division again ran a section at the Chichester Red Cross show, raising £38 10s. 3d.

The report recorded a satisfactory increase in the amount of honey contributed for the benefit of submarine units, but the Chairman remarked that they were beaten by the Worthing division, with whom they must renew their challenge this year.



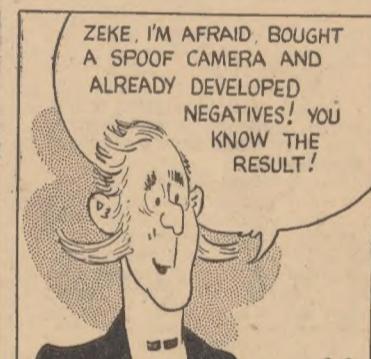
THE meeting was addressed by Mr. H. Lock on the work and post-war plans of the Association. He mentioned that although there were records going back to 1908, not much progress appeared to have been made in organising the beekeepers of Sussex until 1938, when decentralisation took place and the divisional organisations were set up.

There were now nine divisions united through the county organisation with the S.E. Federation and the B.B.K.A., giving access to the members to the Ministry of Agriculture. Mr. Lock spoke of the educational and library facilities now open to the members and of projected courses of instruction leading up to examinations of an expert nature.



P.O.: "Hey, don't spit on that deck!"
A.B.: "Whassamatter. Does it leak?"

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 571

1. Behead a fashion and get a poem.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Lal mite dunows shale.

3. What European capital has K for the exact middle of its name?

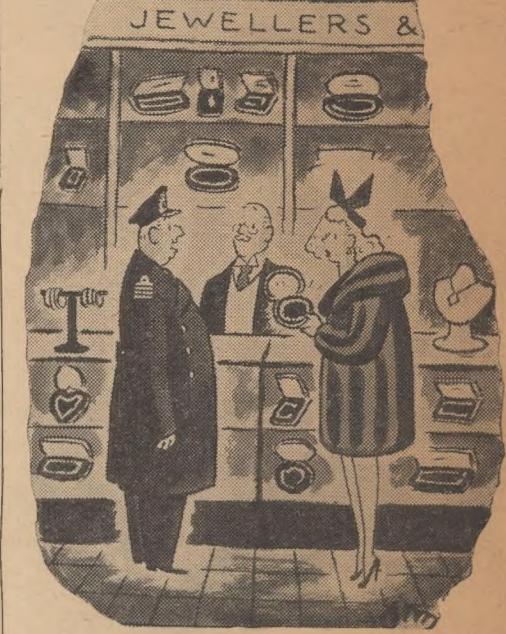
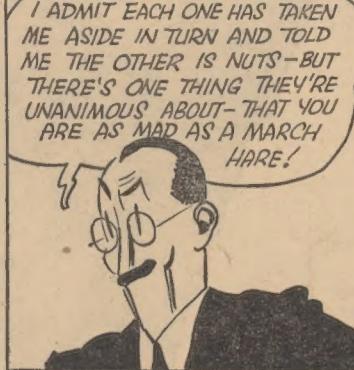
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: If your — pinches, try wearing lighter —

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 570

1. S-tick.
2. There's many a slip twixt cup and lip.
3. ViENna.
4. Never, nerve.

JANE

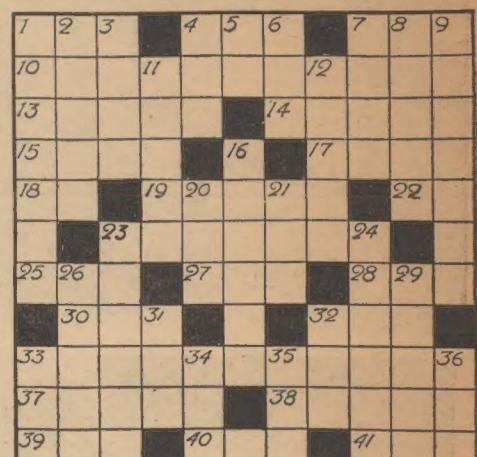
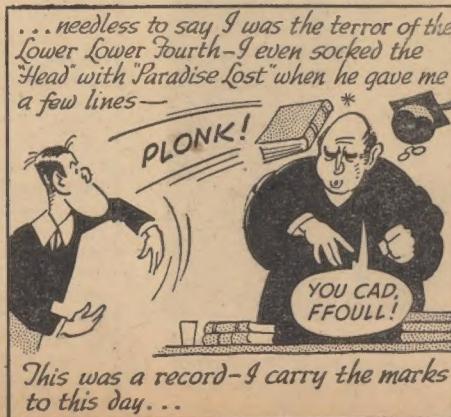
NEXT MORNING...

**RUGGLES**

... And if I ask you for a kiss in the taxi on the way home, don't say 'What for?'

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SCAMPER	PAP
FERRY	DEPOT
SINNEW	ADAM
BICKER	Y
SKI	LEVER
ST	TARAGES
LUNCH	ICE
MOLTEN	LUNCH
RATE	ICE
ERGOT	MOLTEN
BISON	RATE
NAP	ERGOT
PUPPY	BISON
RECENTS	NAP

GARTH**JUST JAKE**

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Request, 4 Tire, 7 Fire fighters, 10 Load-carrier, 13 Cold, 14 Balance, 15 Inside, 17 Flower-holder, 18 New York, 19 Mediterranean island, 22 And in France, 23 Beetles, 25 Batonnet's title, 27 Gained, 28 Fodder, 30 Colour, 32 Even poetically, 33 Train-stopper (two words), 37 Alternative, 38 In good time, 39 Small, 40 Scold, 41 Notice.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Canvas shelter, 2 Worn smooth, 3 Retained, 4 Insect, 5 Sailor, 6 Hiatus, 7 Tune, 8 Ditch, 9 Amably, 10 Start of era, 12 Pirate, 16 Improvement, 20 Inexperienced, 21 Number, 23 Public nursery, 24 Cuts, 26 Angry, 29 Leg joint, 31 Proper, 32 Age, 33 Promise, 34 Vase, 35 Entreat, 36 Potato leaf-bud.

This was a record—I carry the marks to this day...

When God Laughs

(Continued from Page 2) Earth Mother. They had and it rose and rode the roar of fire and not the storm that came muffled to been burned. They were immune. They were themselves gods, knowing good from evil and tasting not. 'Was like theirs, this the way gods came to be?' I asked myself. 'I am a frog,' I said. 'But for my mud-lidded eyes I should have been blinded by the brightness of this wonder I have witnessed. I have puffed myself up with my wisdom and passed judgment upon gods.'

"I watched, I said nothing. The months continued to come and go, and still the famine-edge of their love grew the sharper. "Never did they dull it with a permitted love-clasp. They ground and whetted it on self-denial, the sharper and sharper it grew. This went on until even I doubted. Did the gods sleep? I wondered. Or were they dead? I laughed to myself. The man and the woman had made a miracle. They had outwitted God.

They had shamed the flesh, and blackened the face of good narrative to roll another cigar, ette and to laugh harshly. It knew that something was gone. like the mockery of a devil. He had fled, silently, in the

night, from their anchorites' board. was dead—you remember the accident. And in her diary, written at this time, I long afterwards read Mitchell Kennerley's:

"There was not a single hour We might have kissed and did not kiss."

"Oh, the irony of it!" I cried out. And Carquinez, in the fire-light a veritable Mephistopheles in velvet jacket, fixed me with his black eyes.

"And they won, you said? The world's judgment! I have told you, and I know. They won as you are winning, here in your hills."

"But you," I demanded hotly; "you with your orgies of sound and sense, with your mad cities and madder frolics—bethink you that you win?"

He shook his head slowly. "Because you, with your sober bucolic regime, lose, is no reason that I should win. We never win. Sometimes we think we win. That is a little pleasantry of the gods."

THE END.

"They looked into each other's eyes and knew that they did not care. Desire was dead. Do you understand? Desire was dead. And they had never kissed. Not once had they kissed.

"Love was gone. They would never yearn and burn again. For them there was nothing left—no more tremblings and flutterings and delicious anguishes, no more throbbing and pulsing, and sighing and song. Desire was dead. It had died in the night, on a couch cold and unattended; nor had they witnessed its passing. They learned it for the first time in each other's eyes.

"The gods may not be kind, but they are often merciful. They had twirled the little ivory ball and swept the stakes from the table. All that remained was the man and woman looking into each other's cold eyes.

"And then he died. That was a mercy.

"Within a week Marvin Fiske

Good Morning

PREPARING TO BE A BEAUTIFUL DIVORCEE.

"I've got to get me an education. That's what a girl needs these days. What with these complicated laws respecting alimony, a girl just wouldn't have a thousand or two to bless herself with, if she didn't catch up with her studying."



"I'll huff and I'll puff
and I'll blow your
walls down"



Sinuous Dolores
Moran plays in "The Horn Blows at Midnight." When you learn that it's Jack Benny blowing the horn you'll understand why Dolores takes precautions. Though, personally, it wouldn't have been our eardrums we'd have worried about, Dolores!



We seem to remember another "White Horse Inn" that they made quite a song and dance about. But that one was in the Austrian Tyrol. And, speaking for ourselves, we hereby announce that we would be willing to swap all the casks of Imperial Tokay in those famous cellars for a barrel of English bitter propped in the cool recesses behind the four-ale bar of this White Horse Inn at Kersey, in silly Suffolk.



And, talking of Imperial Tokay, the last time we supped this over-rated beverage it was served by a Hungarian lass as charming as this one. We can hear the frou-frou of her swishing petticoats still.

WHICH WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

These three charming young things were the finalists in a Beauty Contest held recently at the Rutland Picture House in Edinburgh. The audience finally chose the winner. Had YOU been there, who would have got your vote? Have you made up your mind? Well—the winner was 17-year-old Catherine Laing, on the left.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Fools step in where angels fear to tread."

